

VOL. n, NO. 4



MARCH 1984

# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHOIKE

**COUSTEAU'S  
WET DREAM** 1008

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**ENIGMATIC  
ERINDALE** 1010

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**BIRTH  
OF AN  
ISLAND** 1012

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AND CRAZY  
KINGDOM** 1018



# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHOIKE · SOCIETY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

*Organized "for the increase and  
diffusion of pornographic knowledge."*

GILBERT HORNBY GROSSVENOR  
Editor, 1899-1954; President, 1920-1954  
Chairman of the Bored, 1954-1966



THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHOIKE SOCIETY is chartered in Washington, D.C., in accordance with the laws of the United States, and flies to Toronto bi-weekly. Since 1885, the Society has supported more than 2,250 explorations and research projects, adding immeasurably to man's knowledge of beer and humour(?). The National Geographoike Society is better known as the University of Toronto Engineering Society, Inc. Editorial offices are located at 10 King's College Rd., Sandford Fleming B670, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1A1.

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# LAST CHANCE!

## Next Make-up

Thursday, March 15, 1984

COPYRIGHT © 1984 The Toike Oike. \*SKULE is a registered trademark of The University of Toronto Engineering Society. POSTMASTER: Why are you reading this? So that's why the mail is so slow. You're supposed to deliver the mail, not read it!

I recently had the dubious pleasure of spending considerable time performing research in the faculty library. Although my time there was generally wasted, I did confirm some suspicions that I have developed concerning the institution.

Books have a way of leading a reader on. Now, I am not speaking of fiction - I mean reference books. The first book you find dealing with your subject invariably contains nothing relating to your specific problem. If by some chance it does, it is likely written by a Nobel laureate who expects the reader to be a practising genius working towards his second doctorate. So nothing of value has been found. Never mind, one of the other books on your list must contain some comprehensible information. And anyway, using the bibliography of your first book, you've managed to expand your list of possible references considerably. Gotcha! You my dear friend, have been sucked in by a mere bundle of papers. Like a fool you attempt to locate some of the books and papers recommended by your first book, successfully finding perhaps one quarter of them. Amongst these publications you may gain some small amount of valuable knowledge, however, in all likelihood you are more confused than when you started. Of course, don't forget the bibliographies in these books...why, there must be mountains of information available! After several days surrounded by growing piles of useless texts you finally come to the conclusion that you'd better quit searching for someone else's answer to your problem and think of your own. Disgusted with your grand waste of time, you head for the library exit, not before, of course, gathering up your lengthy list of references, just in case.

You approach the electronic archway that has been continually alerting the owl-faced librarians of the potential theft of their precious charges. While you were engrossed in your futile searching you realize, it must have sounded the alarm fifty times. It is impossible to conceive that so many people are attempting to make off with the same books that you found positively without worth. As you step through the archway, hear the accusing screech of the alarm, and feel the cold bite of the steel turnstile arm in your abdomen, thigh or crotch, a hundred pairs of print

*continued on page 1005*



# Schnüing



(shne'ing), n. l. An enjoyable activity that combines après ski excitement with the cool minty flavour of Hiram Walker Schnapps. For schniers, the taste is a cool blast of freshness that feels like they never left the slopes!

**HIRAM WALKER SCHNAPPS.**  
**WHAT A DIFFERENCE A NAME MAKES.**

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# Members Forum

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## APPRECIATION

We, the concerned members of the TSAA (Toronto Students Against Artsies), would like to express our heartfelt thanks to your publication for your leadership in the crusade against artsies everywhere. We must rid ourselves of the artsman menace before it is too late. Thanks to newspapers such as yours our fight is becoming easier day after day.

I know that you and your readers share the emotion that I feel when I think of the day that the world will be free of artsies.

As a small token of our appreciation please find enclosed a series of artsie jokes that we feel may bring a chuckle to your day. Please feel free to share them with your readers.

Once again, our much appreciated thanks.

Founding Members  
K.M.S., M.E.K

## DOOMSDAY MACHINE

Please! Publication and distribution of the *National Geographic* magazine must be stopped immediately. This beautiful, educational, sometimes titillating publication is a heretofore unrecognized instrument of doom which must be eradicated if we as a continent hope to survive. Forget nuclear war! This threat of destruction is far more imminent. It is not too late, however, if this warning is heeded!

According to the current circulation figures more than 6,869,797 issues of the *National Geographic* are sent to subscribers monthly throughout the world; however, it would be safe to assume that the bulk of these magazines reach subscribers in the United States and Canada, and they are, and never have been, thrown away! It is saved like a monthly edition of the bible or the *Toike Oike*. The magazine has been published for over 141 years continuously and countless millions, if not billions of copies have been innocently yet relentlessly accumulated in bathrooms,

basements, attics, in public and private institutions of learning, libraries, Goodwill Stores and under wobbly table legs. Never discarded, always saved. No recycling, just horrible and relentless accumulation of this static vehicle of our destruction.

*National Geographic* averages approximately 1½ pounds per issue. Since no copies have been discarded or destroyed since the beginning of publication, it can be readily seen that the accumulated aggregate weight is a figure that not only boggles the mind but is imminently approaching the disaster point. That point will be the time at which the geological substructure of the continent can no longer support the incredible load and subsidence will occur. Gradually at first, but then relentlessly accelerating as rock formations are compressed, become elastic and begin to flow, great faults will appear. The logical sequence of events is predictable. First hit will be the residences and public buildings where the majority of the offending magazines are stored. Foundations will fail, buildings will gradually sink and roadways will begin to buckle. As the earth heaves in these locations, adjoining structures will topple, creating a 'domino' effect that will level cities and destroy towns. Inexorably the ground in urban centres will sink, dragging the surrounding countryside along with it. Larger and larger land masses will fall below sea level until that fateful hour when the entire continent is inundated by the raging waters of the sea.

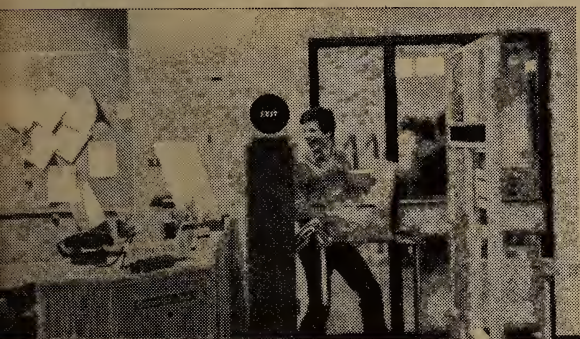
Hopeful arguments based on the principle of conservation of mass offered against this warning neglect the inarguable effects of the redistribution and concentration of this glossy paged menace. The areas of higher subscription density, affluence and wealth will be the first to go, followed by institutions, the middle class, urban and ghetto areas in that order. Last in the terrible chain of destruction, of course, will be the sadly abused and depleted forests from which the public's insatiable desire for paper containing photographs of bare breasted native women has for decades been fed. The destruction will be absolute.

The warning signs of the impending calamity have been frequently recorded in the so-called natural disasters throughout the continent in the past decades. Increased earthquake activity in California

*continued on page 1006*



glazed eyes peer inquisitively in your direction. The librarian brusquely commands you to open and remove everything but your clothes and proceeds to scrutinize even your pencil case, in which no book could possibly be hidden. Shoving the scattered remains of your once carefully loaded briefcase across the counter back in your direction, the imperious library staffer instructs you to, be on your way, grumbling something about your calculator setting off the alarm.



Once back in the safety, if not comfort, of the cafeteria you have relaxed enough to review your adventures objectively. Of what possible good is an alarm system in an Engineering library that is set off by a calculator, you ask yourself? It occurs to you that you have frequently heard the alarm sound but have never actually seen anybody apprehended with a book. Other pieces of the puzzle fall into place. Never have you obtained information of any use from a book in that library. In fact, although the catalogue must easily contain listings for two million publications, the single book that you believe could enlighten you is consistently unavailable. All doors but the main exit display signs boldly promising that alarms will sound if they are opened, however no evidence of these alarms can be found. In a flash, it comes to you...the library is a charade! The books contain no information so there is nothing to protect. There is no need for real alarms. The librarians are not real people, merely automatons programmed to guard useless bound masses of paper and ink. You shudder at the magnitude of the hoax. But will anyone believe you?

Will anyone believe me?

*Doug H. Michaelides*  
EDITOR

# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHOIKE

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COPYRIGHT ©1984 BY U of T Engineering Society

March 1984

## Cousteau's Wet Dream 1008

*Emminent ocean zoologist Jack Cousteau on the good ship C'litso plumbs the depths of Fort Jock's olympic size swimming pool for evidence of intelligent life. Toike staph authors follow the moist progress of the slippery frenchman as he reaches aquatic ecstasy.*

## Enigmatic Erindale 1010

*One young engineer describes his experiences in the wild barren country surrounding Erindale College. Probing fact and fiction about this controversial institution, skilled Toike correspondents bring this fascinating story to a shuddering climax that will have you begging for more.*

## Birth of an Island 1012

*Scientists once believed that only vulcanism was responsible for the creation of certain isolated islands. In depth research sponsored by the Engineering Society has revealed that these anamolies may be attributed to the prehistoric coupling of opposing landmasses. Pictorial.*

## Wild and Crazy Kingdom 1018

*Ramses is the native name for the Togan Armadillo. Malin Perky with his two happy lads Stan and Jim, brave the harsh Togan back country in an attempt to insure the existence of this noble creature. Staph writers for the Toike provide this vivid account of conservation in the darkest depths of the African continent.*

COVER: Skule\* tribal leader Ron McKenzie hides from angry engineering students who believe he is responsible for all problems from underfunding to venereal disease.

has been triggered by rapid population growth and the subsequent increase in *National Geographic* subscriptions. The gradual increase in weight has caused increased activity along the San Andreas fault. Similarly the relatively recent eruption of Mt. St. Helen can be traced to the accumulation of *National Geographic* magazines. The steadily increasing weight of accumulating issues in a warehouse adjoining an old, isolated ranger station upset the delicate volcanic balance beneath the mountain. Closer to home, the recent unusual seismic activity in the lower Great Lakes region can also be attributed to the success of a *National Geographic* subscription campaign several years ago. Certainly Canadians can no longer remain smugly complacent, confident that only their American neighbours will fall prey to this terrible fate.

The list is endless, the warnings are clear.

Time grows short and we must act at once if this calamity is to be averted. The Canadian government must drop the acid rain issue and lobby the American government for reduced exports of *National Geographic* magazines. The Prime Minister must halt his peace initiative at once and enter into high level meetings with President Reagan concerning this most important problem. Spending must be diverted from nuclear weapons research to intensive investigation of solutions. Only immediate actions can save us now! For God's sake, let's do something!

A. Larm  
Department of Geology  
Lakehead University  
Thunder Bay, Ontario

I appreciate your concern for the fate of your fellow man however I believe that your fears are unfounded. After intensive study by the Toike Oike staph irrefutable conclusions were drawn based on the following assumptions:

1. The density of the upper mantle is  $3.3 \text{ g/cm}^3$  which represents a lower limit.
2. The monthly circulation of the magazine remains constant at the provided figure of 6,869,797.
3. The magazine is evenly distributed over the entire area of continental United States and Canada ( $1.6 \times 10^7 \text{ km}^2$ ).

4. The area of the oceans is  $362.033 \times 10^6 \text{ km}^2$ .

5. The average thickness of the magazine is .719 cm. with an area of  $443.5 \text{ cm}^2$  and a density of  $1.193 \text{ g/cm}^3$ .

Of course, the only geologic process that would be operative is isostasy.

The height of a column of *National Geographic* necessary to depress a magazine size area of the continental mass by 30.48 meters was calculated to be 82.33 m high or  $11.45 \times 10^3$  copies. The figure of 30.48 m combines a ground depression of 29.82 m with a rise in sea level of 66 cm. Assuming even distribution over the continent it would take  $35.88 \times 10^{13}$  copies of the magazine to cover the land with a one magazine thickness. At twelve issues a year it would take  $4.352 \times 10^6$  years to achieve the coverage. To accumulate a thickness sufficient to depress the crust 30.48 m it would take  $49.84 \times 10^9$  years. Since this length of time is several times greater than the present age of the planet, it should be obvious that neither we nor our descendants have anything to fear.

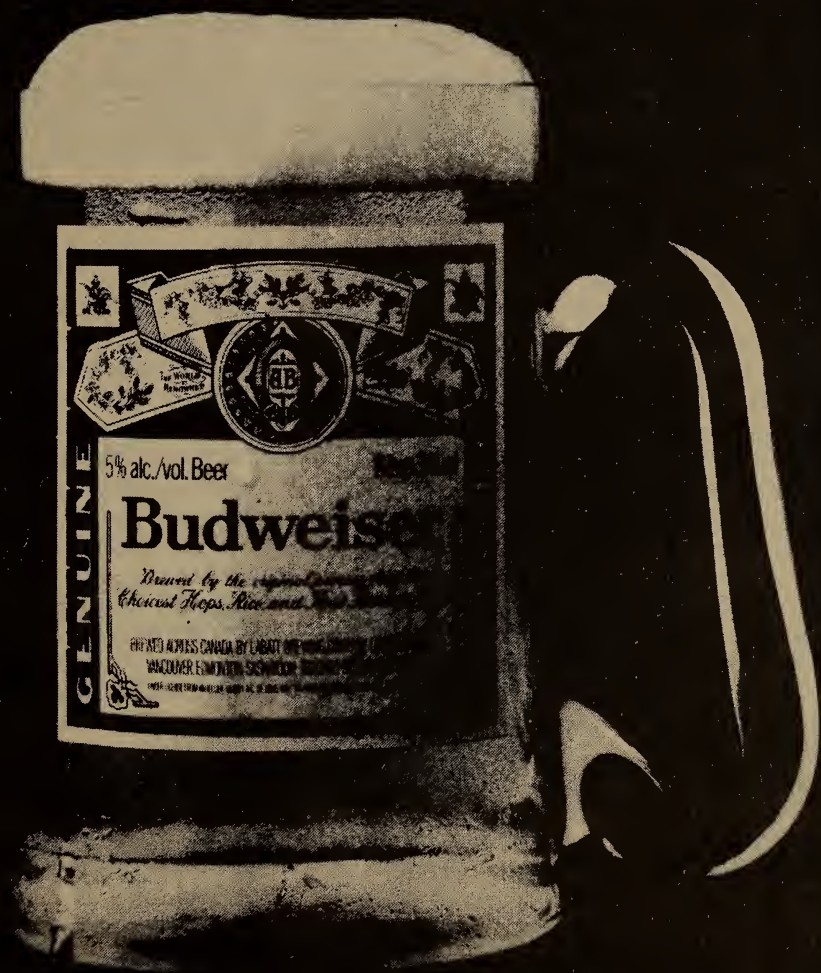
It is ironic though, that the general public is paying \$15.00 a year for their eventual destruction, however long in coming it may be. It is no wonder that more and more money is being funneled into nuclear arms to try and speed up the process. Thank God we live in a democracy where the wishes of the public are so effectively catered to by its leaders.

To allay the fears of you and others like yourself, in future issues of the *National Geographic* a warning will appear on the inside cover. It will read, "The prolonged accumulation of *National Geographic* magazines has been determined to be hazardous to your health — The University of Toronto Engineering Society." Given the fact that the general public is often slow in adapting to change, each issue will also be equipped with a self-destruct mechanism which will leave it in a neat pile of ashes seventy-two hours after removal of its plain brown wrapper.

.....  
**Letters should be addressed to Member's Forum, The National Geographoike Magazine, 10 King's College Road, Sandford Fleming B670, Toronto, Ontario, and should include sender's name and telephone number. Not all letters can be used. Those that are will often be edited and excerpted.**

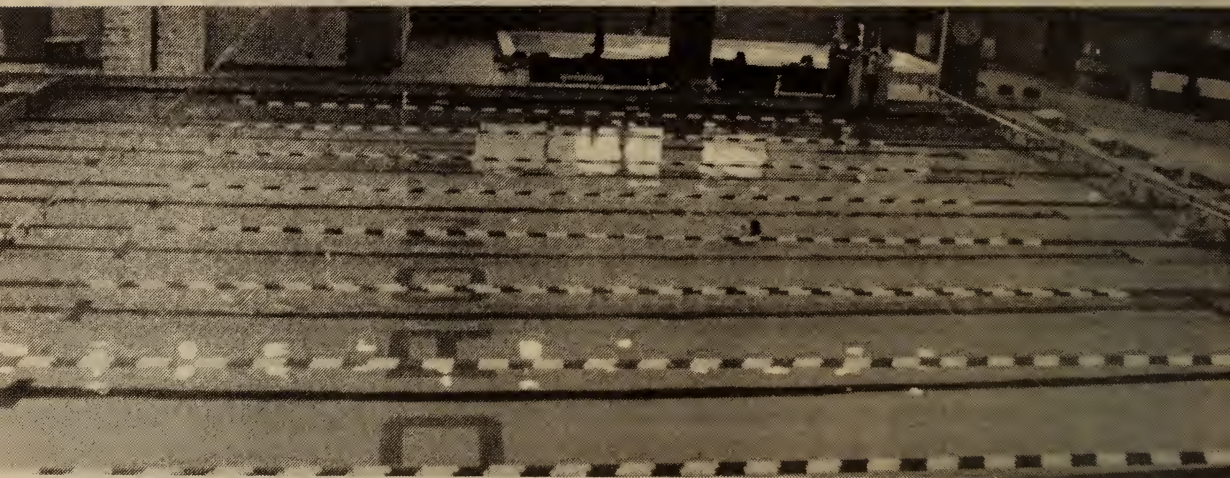


# Get a handle on flavour.



**Budweiser. Brewed in Ontario by Labatt's.**

# Cousteau's Wet Dream



I know which you har tinkin...“Jack Cousteau, isn't he dat french dude 'oo does these mind numbing aquatic documentaries on public television. Well, mange la merde maudsit Anglais! You har speaking dat which is only 'alf true. I do the boring explorations only for, 'ow do you say, the bucks. Other expeditions like those for the National Geographoike Society have been tres interessant.

I remember it well when, a few years ago, I discovered that intelligent life forms could indeed survive in an environment where others thought it impossible. Naturally the place of which I am speaking is that native heath commonly known as the University of Toronto Athletic Complex. Scientists at one time thought the sustenance of intelligence in such a harsh and unmotivating habitat to be inconceivable. “Jockus Moose”, the most rational member of the Jock species ever encountered, 'ad an intelligence quotient in the semi-moronic sub-Artsie range. The scientists unfortunately 'ad overlooked one fact that I, Jack Cousteau, with my superior erudition, omniscience and general hepness, did not. I knew dat even in deserts, amidst the most inhibiting of climates, life can flourish below the waterline. There, deep below the surface, it is protected from the acrimonious realities of the outside atmosphere. In-

telligent life in Fort Jock derefore could be discovered if only one searched deep enough in that whopping olympic size swimming pool! The ship's log of this exciting voyage is transcribing below.

**Jan. 3, 1980** — Today in my trusty submersible, the C'litso, we toured the serene surface of the man-made lake of chlorine to investigate the subhuman scum that hang out in this cement monstrosity. Marcel, my first mate (when I was young and foolish), was 'aving a 'ard time distinguishing between the males and females of the Jock species due to their similar muscular builds. I, Jack Cousteau, being rather well versed in gender identification casually pointed out to him that the Jockette could easily be separated from the Jockus since they had smaller mammary glands. Fifi, my love, blew me a bon voyage kiss from shore.

**Jan. 4, 1984** — Upon submerging of the C'litso, an 'ole new fascinating world opened hup around us. A soaking wet one! Phillippe, my good for nothing son, forgot to close the fucking 'atch! Through the port 'oles we watched as two Jocki copulated under water. So much trouble dey were 'aving because dey 'ad forgotten to remove dere bathing garments. A turd one was spotted smiling foolishly as 'e biologically 'eated the water with 'is urine. But by far,

*continued on page 1020*





# Godiva on Assignment

Her sidesaddle progress was slow,  
No track tout would rate her a pro,  
Said Godiva, "I rode,  
While the townspeople 'oh'd'  
Not to win or to place - but to show!"

A. Tool

*I could win no place to show,  
Abandoned with nowhere to go,  
'Til a Skuleman\* came by,  
And gave me a try,  
Now there's no doubt I'm a pro.*

P.S. If I had Atul like yours I wouldn't be writing limericks.

I'm giving up drinking! I'm not worried about my liver, just my eyes. I have reached the conclusion that you never go to bed with an ugly woman, you just wake up beside one.

Collingwood Kasey

I have been on birth control pills for the last two years. I have an IUD, I use a diaphragm and a foam spermicide, and my boyfriend wears a condom every time we do it. I have been pregnant three times in the last year. What am I doing wrong?

Fucked

*Offhand, I'd say you're just one unlucky bitch. Ever try a cork?*

Can one bribe a prof?

Mr. 48%

*Will that be cash or knee-pads?*

I am a fourth year Eng Sci student with a problem that's driving me batty. My question is, what the hell is 69, and why is it so great! My research shows it to be a number between 68 and 70, divisible only by 23 and 3. When I asked my friend at Vic College what 69 was, she said it was intimate communication, but I don't think that this is true. Everybody gives me funny looks when I say that when I was a kid I had a lot of 69 with my sister and mother. My girlfriend has also broken up with me

now after I said that I had 69 with my psychiatrist and that he thought it was a good thing to have this type of communication with him. Please help me.

Phil Atio

Eng Sci 8T4

P.S. There's a year's worth of Physics Problem Set Answer Sheets in this for you if you can help me.

*You have failed to notice the beautiful rotational symmetry inherent in its numeric form. 69 is every engineer's lucky number. In fact, I remember the Grad Ball held for the lucky class of 6T9, which wasn't really a 'ball' at all in the strictest sense of the word...*

I kissed the girl I met last night when I took her home. Now I've got cold sores. Do I have herpes?

Smiley

Dents 8T7

*Oh Gawd! You scum. Don't send me any more mail. Quick, get the rubber gloves! Did you lick the envelope? This thing's infected. Aarghh!*

As a member of the International Seal Union, I am appalled at the lack of seals enrolled at the UofT. I think this is due to the unrealistic prices you expect us to pay. Really — how do you expect a seal to acquire \$6770 anyway — when we can't even get jobs in this country — I mean the only thing that I am good for is being clubbed over the head — and then these stupid assholes from Greenpeace come and try to put us out of our jobs! The BASTARDS! Don't they know inside my furry skin I'm just a piece of mangled flesh? The only thing I'm good for is the skin off my back unless you at UofT will lower the fees for seals, after which we can become educated and work in high paying cushy jobs like Editur of the *Toike* or Dean of Engineering!

Norman

Seal Liason for UofT and  
Hater of Greenpeace



# Enigmatic Erindale

Once again, my colleague (Mr. I.M. Slimy, Eng. Sci. 8T6) and I were in a sticky situation. We had been travelling for days across a barren wasteland with neither food nor water. I was beginning to feel rather dizzy and Mr. Slimy just kept ranting about some neutron star that he had in his pocket (boy was he dense!). We were determined to find food and water, so imagine our surprise when, just as we reached the top of a hill, we spied a sign. As we struggled closer, the lettering



became visible. It read, "Erindale College this way. Just sixty percent and you're in!"

When we reached the sign, a strange looking man in a big yellow hat came up to Mr. Slimy and said, "My God! You look simply slimy!"

Misunderstanding him, Mr. Slimy replied, "Yes I am. By the way, are you aware of the probability of proton decay occurring in an oasis? It's really quite interesting. Here, just let me get out my HP and I'll develop the formula from first principles. Of course I'll leave part of it for you to do as an exercise."

By this time I had had enough of my companions so, as politely as I could, I said, "Fuck off and die you shitheads," and mounted my horse. The horse was actually a mirage but, for a deluded moment I thought that I was at Scarborough College, so I rode it anyway.

I galloped wildly to the only building

visible for miles and quickly dismounted my imaginary horse. I could now barely hear Mr. Slimy's voice in the distance as he tried to explain the concept of probability to the man in the yellow hat.

"Yes it's really very interesting. You see, for argument's sake, let's suppose that I were carrying a neutron star in my pocket..."

His voice trailed off suddenly as I heard the man exclaim, "You goddam useless slime-bucket! Take that!"

I entered the forbidding building after leaving my horse in a "handicapped" parking zone (I was suddenly aware that my horse was confined to a wheelchair). The first thing that I noticed was the number of people wandering aimlessly about the halls. Upon closer examination I realized that the majority of them were simply standing around, as if looking for something to do. It all became clear as I saw a large sign hanging over a doorway. It read "Essay Shop".

I casually entered the bustling room and my senses were assaulted by voices barely audible over the din of hundreds of typewriters.

"Could I get a fourth year thesis paper on 'The Psychoanalytical Behaviour of Rats When They Are Set Loose in Scarborough College and Subsequently Eaten by Hungry Laboratory Assistants?', a tall student asked the trimly dressed cashier.

"Oh you lucky dear!" replied the effeminate tillkeeper. "I jutht had it typed up thith morning. That'th five dollarth pleath!"

It occurred to me that this was the ultimate university to attend. I was lost in contemplation as I considered the concept of "pay as you play" education. Suddenly I was roused from my delightful reverie as I heard a familiar voice.

"Hey Bruciel!", the man in the yellow hat called to the cashier. "I found two engineers sneaking around the back forty. I nabbed this slimy looking one, but the



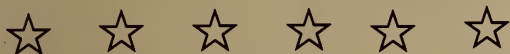
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other got away."

"Oh, that's OK, Honey. The thlimey oneth are usually the motht uthefull!", called back the cashier.

Realizing the danger that I was in, I quickly grabbed a black briefcase and unobtrusively headed for the door. Too late I noticed that nobody else had a briefcase. My training as an engineer had betrayed me.

"Hey! There's the other one!", yelled the man in the yellow hat. "Let's get him Brucie!"

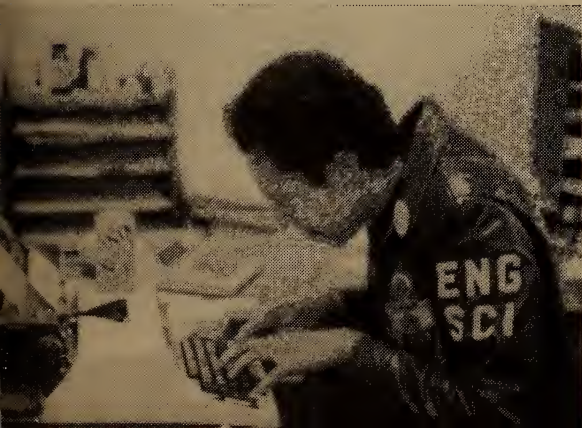
I bolted for my horse, bowling over a

Mouse who was searching it for a parking permit, as I mounted. I made my escape and disappeared into the forest.

For weeks after this terrifying experience the memory of a school where work was not mandatory haunted me. Able to bear it no longer, I changed my name and transferred from Engineering to Erindale College. Of course, I was immediately scorned by all of my friends but that was a small price to pay for a guaranteed A plus without work. On one of my frequent trips to the essay shop I happened to notice my old friend Mr. Slimy in the back room hunched over a typewriter.

"This is really very interesting", he mumbled to no one in particular as he typed. "If I type three essays a day, at random, the probability of me typing Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' is virtually the same as the probability of a neutron star collapsing in my left nostril!"

As I walked happily away from the shop with my term paper in my hand, I realized that we had both found our own paradise. □



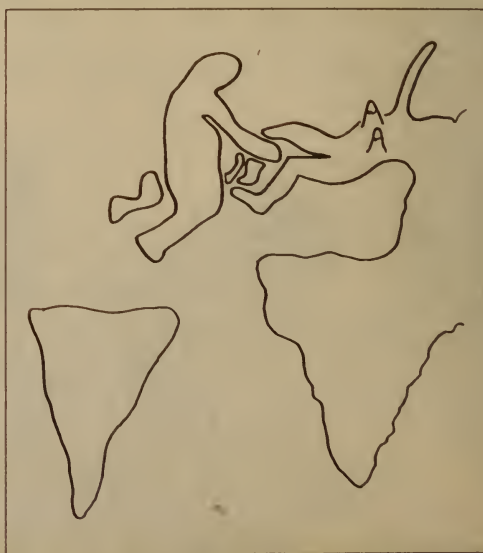




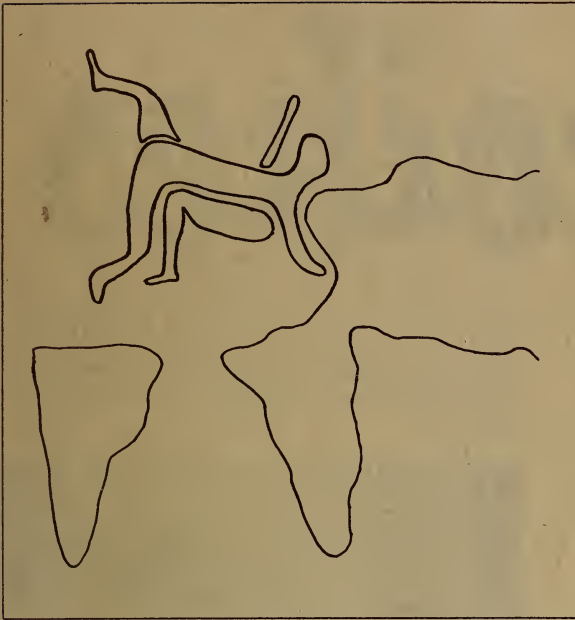
# The Birth of an Island

It is not quite certain how Father Time and Mother Nature got it all started but geologists have proposed a new theory of continental drift which would explain the formation of the younger islands in the Mediterranean Sea and elsewhere. The accompanying set of illustrations explains how tectonic forces led to the unusual formation of Corsica

and other geological 'births'. Corsica, it is noted, could have been formed 1000 years later had not Vesuvius erupted prematurely. Similar geological occurrences are not expected in the modern age due to the development of prophylactic formations on the major peninsula of the North American continent. □







*Handsome Mr. America spots comely Miss Europe and suggests tectonic activity circa 1,000,000,000 B.C. (above left)*

*Europe joyfully accepts the proposition in 500,000,000 B.C. (bottom far left)*

*Sometime after 1,000,000 B.C. the continental breakfast begins. (below left)*

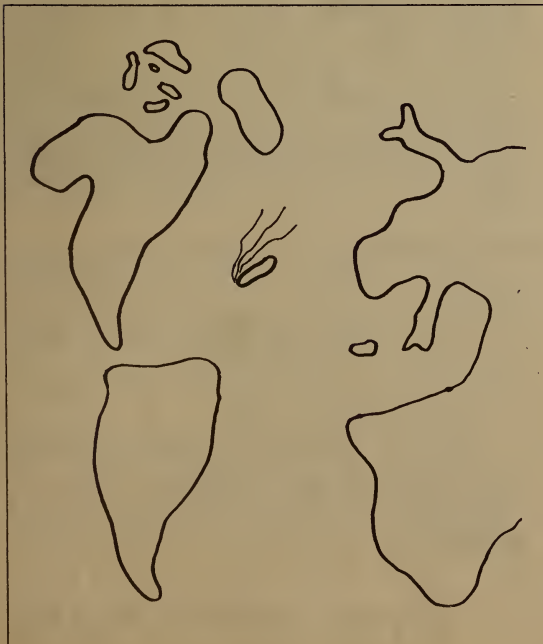
*Six miles! Are you sure it won't hurt? 200,000 B.C. (above)*

*During this era (100,000 B.C.) volcanic eruptions are prevalent. (above right)*

*Nine seismographic months later, the island of Corsica is born. (right)*

*Parting of ways 0 B.C. (below)*

*Present day. (below right)*





# Geonikes

John was in the bathroom when he heard the noises. Someone was breathing heavily, almost as if they were in pain. John walked to the bedroom, peered in and beheld his wife sprawled on the bed, exhausted. He realized what she had been doing and smiled. His wife was leaving on a business trip the next day and this would be their final night together.

John stepped to the side of the bed. "You need any help?"

"If you think you've got the strength," she replied challengingly.

John smiled confidently and began to push with all his strength. The bed shook rhythmically as he pushed again and again but his wife just lay there silently. John was quickly becoming impatient. It was the last straw when she began to giggle.

"What's so funny?" he cried hotly.

"So much for strength!" she laughed.

"Why don't you help instead of just laughing?" John demanded.

Soon they were both pushing together. The air was filled with grunts and heavy breathing. The bed springs began to creak.

"Oh God, John, the neighbours will hear!" the wife panted.

"Don't worry, we're almost there!" exclaimed John.

Finally, they managed to close the bulging suitcase.



My family was so poor that on Christmas Eve my father told me I'd better wake up with a hard-on or else I'd have nothing to play with!



What are mixed emotions?  
Six Waterloo Mathies going over a cliff in your new Mercedes.

How many artsies does it take to stop a forty ton Mack truck?  
Never enough.

How many Eng Scis does it take to copy the Kama Sutra?  
None. They're all too busy copying problem sets.

What's the difference between herpes and AIDS?  
One's a love story while the other is a fairy tale.

Did you hear about the artsie who...  
-was so lazy he married a pregnant woman.  
-lost his girlfriend because he couldn't remember where he'd laid her.  
-wouldn't go out with his wife because he knew she was married.  
-called his girlfriend "Tapioca" because she could be made in minutes.  
-thought that Moby Dick was a venereal disease.



A f!rosh engineer came home from school one day and confessed to his mother that he had just screwed his girlfriend.

"I'm certainly disappointed in you son," his mother scolded. "But since you've been so honest with me, you may go to the ice cream shop and buy yourself a milkshake."

The next day, the f!rosh arrived home late again, revealing that he had been delayed while he made love to the neighbour's young wife.

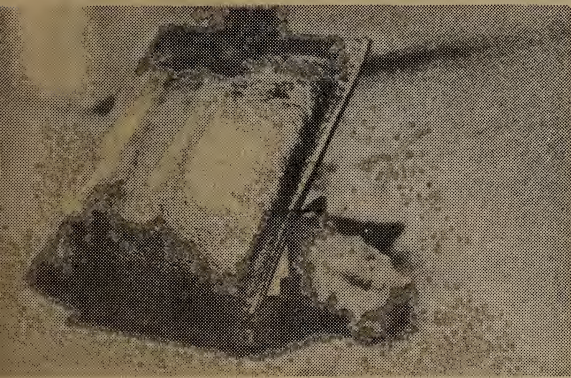
"Well, since you've told me the truth," said his mother again, "you may go get another milkshake".

On the third day, dragging himself into the house the engineer proudly proclaimed that he had stayed after class and humped the hell out of his shapely T.A. As his mother once again began to scold him, his father (ELEC 5T7) entered the room with a cast iron frying pay in his hand.

"Good God! Don't hit the poor boy!" cried his mother.

"Hit him, hell!" his father exclaimed. "I'm going to cook him up a steak. How long do you expect him to keep this up on those damn milkshakes?"

Why do Waterloo students carry shit in their wallets?  
For I.D.

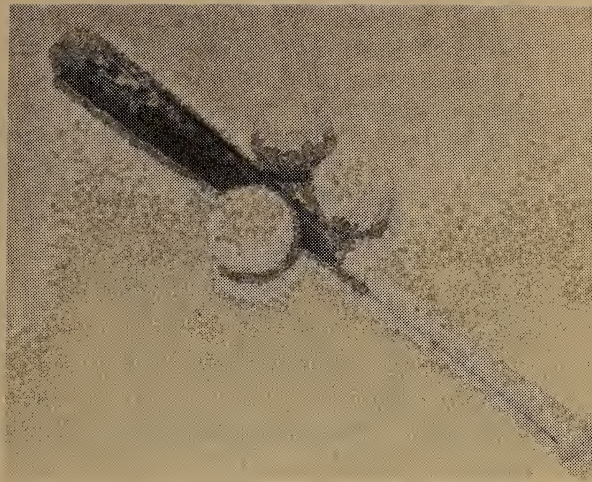


Two women from the University of Newfoundland were driving to Toronto when a policeman, noticing the license plate, pulled them over.

"Oh great", he thought, "some Newfie women!"

Pulling his pecker out of his pants, the cop started towards the car.

Looking into her rear view mirror the driver said to her concerned companion, "Oh it's OK. It's just another breathalyzer test!"



A Scotsman came to Canada to visit his cousin Angus. Angus thought that he'd better show his cousin the sights, so he took him to a Blue Jays baseball game. After the first two innings, Angus noticed that Scotty was just sitting quietly, hardly interested in the game at all.

"Scotty", he explained, "You've got to get into this game. When the man hits the ball and starts to run, you've got to cheer him on."

"Ach! So that's 'ow you do it", exclaimed the Scotsman.

Shortly after this conversation, Willie Upshaw drove a base hit into centre field. Up jumped Scotty yelling, "Run laddy, run!"

Angus smiled to himself figuring his cousin was finally enjoying the game. Then Alfredo Griffin slammed a triple off the left field wall.

"Run laddy, run!" bellowed Scotty at the top of his lungs.

Next Lloyd Moseby came up to bat. The crowd was silent as he waited for the perfect pitch. Ball one...ball two...ball three...ball four. Moseby tossed away the bat and began to walk to first base.

Scotty leaped to his feet and roared, "Run laddy, run! C'mon blast it, run!"

The spectators around him looked startled so Scotty asked his cousin, "Angus, why isn't he running!?"

"He doesn't have to run Scotty, he's got four balls."

"Aye," smiled the Scotsman, "Walk proud laddy, walk proud!"

What did Grace Kelly have that Natalie Wood could have used?  
A good stroke.



An engineer was going over to his girlfriend's house to meet her parents. When he got there, the four of them sat in the living room and began to talk. After a while the girl's father got a rather serious look on his face. He turned to the young engineer and said, "My boy, I feel it's only fair to tell you, my daughter has acute angina." To which the engineer replied, "Well I certainly hope so, because she has pretty poor tits".

A Frenchman, a Spaniard and an Englishman were walking down the street together, when they ran into a similar group consisting of a German, an Australian and a Newfie. The motley crew kept strolling until they accosted yet another group, made up of a Greek, an Italian and an American. They kept on walking (as people do in silly jokes), and soon ran into an Arab, a Jew and a Russian; then a Canadian, a Swede and a Zimbabwean; and lastly, a Mongolian dwarf. Finally the American spoke up.

"This looks pretty fishy. I think someone's trying to write a joke about us".

Soon a mutual agreement was reached. It was decided that there would be no jokes played on anyone so they all said "fuck this," and went to the United Nations Cafeteria for lunch.

The Ladies' Committee for the Glorification of General Custer had decided to do something special for the centennial of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, so they commissioned a famous painter to produce an artwork relating to the battle.

The evening of the gala finally arrived and the painting was unveiled with suitable pomp. Unfortunately upon viewing the painting, half the ladies in the room fainted while the others simply screamed in hysteria. The chairwoman of the committee, absolutely indignant, approached the artist and demanded he explain why the painting depicted a cow with a halo over its head, serenely grazing in a field filled with Indians making love.

The artist calmly explained, "Well Madam, I had a difficult time deciding on a theme that would truly have portrayed Custer's feelings at the time. Don't you think that his final words would have been: "HOLY COW! LOOK AT ALL THOSE FUCKING INDIANS!!!"

"What would you say to...well...a little bit of oral activity?", ventured the engineer at a pub.

"That depends", replied the nurse. "Your face or mine?"

In a recent survey on why some men are homosexual, 82 percent of the fags that responded said that either genetics or home environment was the principle factor. The remaining 18 percent revealed that they had been sucked into it.

Three men were in a bar sharing stories about the good old days. After several beers, the talk became philosophical. "What is 'appiness?", idly asked Pierre the bleary-eyed Frenchman, through his cigarette smoke.

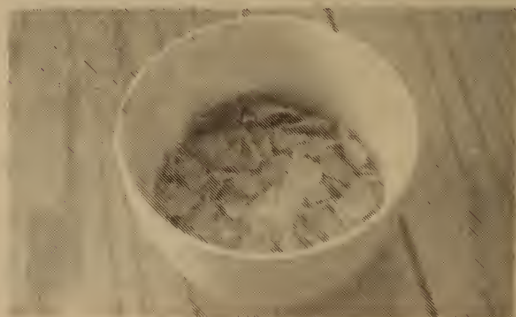
The Australian replied, "Look Mate, 'appiness iz pourin' a pint o' Swan down ye gullet when ye dry as dust".

Pierre responded, "Heh! Dat's eezy for you to say Bruce. True 'appiness is a bottle of wine, some bread, and sharing a water-bed with a sailor from Marseille, ooh-la-la!"

Finally, the Russian chipped in his two rubles. "Do you really want to know what khappiness really is? It's being waking up at 4:30 on winter morning by knock on your door. You walk across your insufficiently kheated flat to answer it. It is KGB agent. You feel as if you've been kicked in the kamchatka's and are ready to vomit. The KGB man says "I want Ivan Ivanovich Ivanov". You realize Ivanov lives next door and tell him so. That is khappiness!"

Show me an artsie proficient at oral sex and I'll show you a man with his head between his knees.

Life is like a bowl of granola...what aren't fruits and nuts are flakes.





# WELCOME to Miller Time



# Wild and Crazy Kingdom

**M**arlin was just about to nail the trembling beast when Sally walked through the door.

"Marlin! Now you leave poor TK alone," berated secretary Sally. "Just because you've got a hemorrhoid fetish...and the cameraman will be here any minute. I mean really!" TK screeched in agreement.

Marlin Perky sullenly pulled up his pants and glared at her. "Can't a guy have fun around here anymore? Besides, the chimp enjoys it as much as I do." At this last statement, TK ran and hid behind a wall curtain. "To heck with you, Missing Link. I could use a drink. Hey, that rhymes! Heh, heh."

There was a knock at the door and Jack the cameraman entered. "All set MP?" he inquired.

"Shit, " mumbled Marlin under his breath. "Where are we this week?"

"Africa", spoke up Sally. "Remember?"

Marlin looked up at the wall and desperately searched for Africa. Sally walked up and pointed it out to him. "I knew where it was, woman. Don't try to teach Marlin Perky about..." A shudder of Parkinson's disease cut him short.

"Let's get started, MP. We don't have all day", Jack ejaculated. Sally swallowed.

Marlin stopped quaking and frowned at Jack. Fumbling about on his desk among empty bottles of Seagram's VO and tubes of airplane glue, he found the appropriate scrap of paper and began reading.

"Welcome to Mutual of Omaha's Wild and Crazy Kingdom. Australia's Outback is a vast desert wasteland full of scorpions, snakes, kangaroos, dingos and large rocks. Despite its good points, it can be a tough place to live. Settlements are few and far



*Sally consoles TK, "There now, it's not the end of the world. We can always get more Preparation-H." (above)*

between, which means its a long way to go until your next beer, and even further until the next washroom. But then you can piss in your pants for all I care."

"Marlin, we're in Africa this week," squawked Sally. Marlin continued, oblivious.

"Jim and myself have spent the last three and a half years painstakingly sampling and categorizing the unique beers of each town. This is our story."

"One of the towns we visited was Borroloola, renowned for its Scorpion Lager. A venomous brew with a potent sting, it is not recommended for consumption by gay Marxists or even happy socialists. Sitting in the town bar one day, sampling this unique draft, we were accosted by a bleary-eyed koala. 'I...hate...Quantas,' it spoke. Jim, angry at the intrusion (he never did like rude stuff



fed animals), took out his elephant gun and blasted Mr. Koala into another universe. The aroma of freshly digested eucalyptus leaves permeated the room..."

"Jesus, what are you on Marlin?! I told you, we're in Togo this week, dammit!" yelled Sally from the next room.

"Oh", said Marlin. He fumbled about for another scrap of paper in his pocket. His hand emerged clutching a tattered insurance renewal form, and a half-dozen empty tubes of airplane glue. He began again.

"Welcome to Mutal of Omaha's...oh balls, I've said that already. Let's see...the West African country of Togo is home to the little known Togan armadillo. Unfortunately, this little fellow's time is quickly running out. The natives have been hunting them for years and using their skin to make condoms. But this cruel and senseless destruction must stop". Marlin stopped to turn on a rattly old slide projector. The first frame appeared, on his forehead. He stepped aside and continued.

"Just look at how cute the little fellow is. Now look at one of the natives." He flipped to the next slide, which depicted a fly-infested child with a distended stomach and a bandaged head. "Now isn't that a sight? And yet, these savages, if not stopped soon, will most surely send this noble beast to an early extinction." He switched back to the armadillo slide. "This week, we intend to show you our adventures while trying to insure the continued existence of the Togan armadillo. Speaking of insurance, if you aren't fully covered by Mutual of Omaha's comprehensive death insurance plan, then you should listen to this..."

*Native drawing of Togan Armadillo. (below)*



"Cut...Good work MP. Let's roll the footage."

Marlin, quite shaky at this point, clutched at the drink held out to him by Sally. He managed to get half down his throat and half on his creased safari suit. Wiping the beaded sweat off his brow, he began his monotonous narration.

"Our flight to Togo was uneventful. Only one case of food poisoning and boy, the stewardess could sit on my face any old day. We landed, and Jim was the first to get off. Stan was the first to step off the plane. Look at the smile on Stan's face. That must've been good smack we bought in Havana. Look at the arrow sticking through Stan's hat. Either he is doing his Steve Martin imitation, or we will have more trouble with the natives than we thought. I will sit safely in the plane while Stan and Jim get their balls ripped off by cheetahs and other nasty things.

**"W**ild goats are headed this way and they look like they mean business. Boy, do they look hungry. Wait a minute, Jim has an idea. He has taken off his Lacoste T-shirt...he is holding it up and pointing to the alligator. The goats have spotted it! They are running away in terror...the alligator is the goat's natural enemy. Hurrah for Jim! I motion to Stan to tranquilize and capture one of the fiercer members of the herd, but he's too busy congratulating Jim to notice. Never mind, I'm sure I'll get another chance later on with these fascinating creatures. Well that was a harrowing adventure for the two boys, so they are heading back to the plane, arm in arm."

"We played gin-rummy for the next hour, and I began idly staring out the plane window. I was getting tired of watching Stan and Jim making eyes at each other, so I began hopefully looking for more goats. Just then, I spotted it: an honest-to-goodness Togan armadillo! What a sight. In the distance, a rising cloud of dust seemed to indicate the presence of a hunting party...the native Togans. It seemed like our little friend was going to need some help. The three of us readied our guns. Stan and Jim went out to confront the natives, while I sat in the comfort and safety of the plane, knocking back Togan Beetle Malt Ale like there was no tomorrow. I should get some great snaps.

The armadillo has taken refuge in the landing gear, and the natives are drawing dangerously close...oh oh, looks like more trouble. Stan has just been feathered with arrows. It's the real thing this time, he appears to be dead. Jim is livid with rage. He fires round after round of buckshot into the native horde. Women and children first Jim...go get 'em! Boy is this fun! Looks like Jim has saved our little scaly friend. A few natives are still moaning, but Jim puts them out of their misery with a few well-aimed shots. Good show! Our mission is almost complete."

"Jim is now attempting to coax the frightened armadillo out of the landing gear, as vultures begin to feast on Stan's arrow-riddled carcass. A new fact has just been revealed...evidently the Togan armadillo is carnivorous. Isn't nature wonderful! Jim now has nine fingers. He looks upset. I can just read his lips...he seems to

be saying, '...why you ungrateful little motherfucker you're gonna join that cocksuckin' koala in about one second...' Whoa...pop goes the weasel!"

"Jim has finally cracked. He is running around shouting 'Nuke Togo! Nuke Togo! I hate armadillos. I hate Qantas...' Poor Jim. Where will I ever find another sap like him to wrestle wild boars...well, at least we got some super footage. The success of this adventure seems insured. Say, I'll bet Mr. Armadillo is sorry he didn't have Mutual of Omaha's special auxiliary armadillo life insurance. If you...don't have...," Marlin faltered. His croaking voice trailed off in a mumble of Alzheimer's disease, triggering a bout of Parkinson's, finally degenerating into a classic grand mal epileptic fit ending in a massive coronary. "Shit," thought Marlin as he lay dying, "The deadline for my life insurance renewal was yesterday". □

*Cousteau continued from page 1008*

the queerest observation of the day was a Jockette 'oo thought dat her mate was drowning. In a touching attempt to resuscitate 'im, she didn't resort to the mouth-to-mouth technique but instead found what she thought was the inflation nozzle! Quel facon de mourir!

**Jan. 5, 1984** — We were at 20 m below surface level and still no sign of intelligent life.

**Jan. 10, 1980** — Nothing. The crew was getting restless. I told dem to go to bed and tink about cute little lambs jumping hover a fence. Dey told me to eat shit and die.

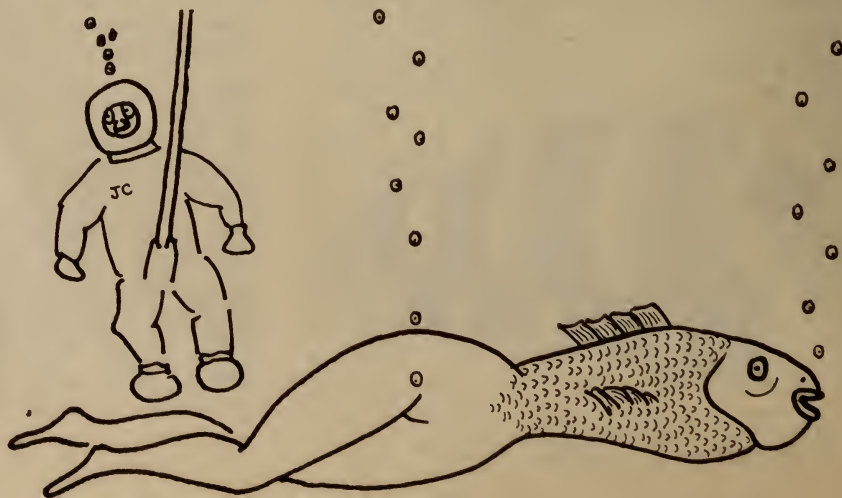
**Jan. 20, 1984** — Quelle Chance! Nous avons trouvé quelque chose à 137 m! Ma Foi! I 'ave founded une fish that is woman

from the waist down. I christened this reverse mermaid "spermaid". But I is tired hand must myself sleep. I told to Philippe "You touche my spermaid and you hare a dead man!"

**Jan. 26, 1984** — Today, I personally investigated the Spermaid. Magnifique! Or maybe I should say "holy Mackerel!" since she was, like all women, a tad on the fishy side. I have not only founded intelligent life but I found one 'ell of a jeune fillet!

So dis is 'ow I met my turd wife. We are perfect for each other. We both spend all our time under the water. It is said that a seaman's dream is to find a mermaid but if you hask me, I tink dat like dat Jockette we spotted, dey hare looking at the situation la tete en bas, or as you speak, "hupside down". □

*A Spermaid in her natural habitat.*





**ar·ma·dil·lo** \är-mə-dil-ō, n, pl **armadillos**  
[Sp, fr. dim. of *armado* armed one, fr. L. *armatus*]:  
any of several burrowing chiefly nocturnal edentate  
mammals (family Dasypodidae) of warm parts of the  
Americas having body and head encased in an armor  
of small bony plates in which many of them can curl  
up into a ball when attacked

(a Synonym for a popular Canadian beer.)



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**U of T Women** This is not a joke. Would you like to accompany one of five handsome, easy going engineers to the March 17th Grad Ball? If you and/or some of your friends are interested, please send your name(s), phone number(s) and why you read the Toike (10 words or less) to:  
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c/o CSIE  
4 Taddle Creek Road  
Rosebrugh Building  
Room 204  
U of T

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Peter Kurpis  
Peter Watler  
Glyn Jones

Check local washrooms for their numbers.

**Lost.** One cherry at Women's Residence, Victoria College. If you have it (or don't want your own) please give it to me. I'm not particular.

Stella Slut.

**Dear C.,**

Here's to you because I love you,

I love you because you're good,

You're good because God made you,

I wish to God I could.

Love, M.

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